



## ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

Lady (who has just jumped on fallen Sportsman). "I'M AWFULLY SORRY! I HOPE WE DIDN'T HURT YOU?"  
 Fallen Sportsman. "OH, I'M ALL RIGHT, THANKS. BUT—ER—DO YOU MIND LEAVING ME MY HAT?"

## THE INNER CIRCLE.

The Premier finished playing his new composition, a Golf Gavotte, and the Inner Cabinet sighed with relief. Even business was better than that.

"So you've been making an alliance with Germany, L-NSD-WNE?" he said gaily.

"Wherever did you hear of that?" asked the amazed Foreign Secretary.

"Two caddies were talking outside the club-house yesterday. Between ourselves I may say that they scarcely approved of it."

"Things turn out so differently from what one expects," said the Foreign Secretary in a melancholy tone. "Now everybody liked my last alliance, and I thought that if any one raised any objection to this we could just call them pro-Venezuelans and sweep the country. But you can't call the *Standard* and *Times* pro-Venezuelans. Do you know what the *Daily Mail* said of me?"

"Who is he?" asked the Premier.

"It's a newspaper, and it really was most offensive."

"Why read it then?—I never read a paper."

"But I'm Foreign Secretary, and I must read the papers to see what's happening abroad."

"Did HE approve?" asked the Premier.

"He was away in Africa, and didn't know."

The Premier smiled, and stepping to the piano sang a verse of a popular song—*"When JOEY comes marching home."*

The unusual sound woke the Duke. "Leave well alone," he growled, and went to sleep again.

"That's the only advice he'll give me," said the Foreign Secretary plaintively. "What is the use of having a man in a Cabinet who will never say anything but that?"

"Didn't you even tell A-ST-N?"

"No; unless he read the papers as they went through the post he knows nothing."

"That wouldn't be the thing, would it? I don't think the Postmaster-General reads the letters. Has anyone here ever been Postmaster-General?"

"I think I was once," said the Secretary for India, "but it was long ago, and I don't remember anything about it except that it was a poor salary."

The Premier leant back in his chair.

"Really, L-NSD-WNE, it's very awkward. You know our friend takes offence so easily, and he has a very bitter tongue. It's best not to quarrel with that kind of man. Now there's a medical man, a Doctor CLIFFORD, who would quarrel with me about vaccination. Let me see, was it vaccination? Yes, it must have been, for he was a medical man. Well, I actually had to write a pamphlet against him. It would have been much better to have avoided him. So, if I were you, I would go for a little tour abroad before HE comes back."

The Foreign Secretary's face brightened.

"I'll take a warship and go and investigate the Hinterland of Aden."

"Very good; by all means take a ship. You see it doesn't do to have a row at the Cabinet meetings. It wakes D-v-NSH-RE, and makes things most uncomfortable."

The Duke stirred in his sleep when his name was mentioned, and faintly murmured, "Leave well alone."

The sitting of the Inner Cabinet was over.

## "SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES."

There are who say that England's art,  
Her enterprise, her gift of trade,  
Hustled by men from foreign parts,  
Are on the steady downward grade.

We man with strange imported stuff  
The ships that held the world in fee;  
Our latest diplomatic bluff—  
We got it made in Germany!

Our local artists lie a-cold,  
Or walk the street disguised as tramps,  
While alien fists affect to mould  
The bust upon our postage stamps.

When the musician's hand is heard  
Extracting strains without an air,  
There's always some exotic bird  
Building amid his matted hair.

Or look at SHAKSPEARE's native field !  
Does it not cause our pride a wrench  
To find PINERO's humour yield  
To farces lifted from the French ?

Or pass to those more crucial things  
That made us what we—used to be;  
Regard the Yankee making "rings"  
All round the race that ruled the Sea !

They run our fleets; our tubes they lay;  
From them we likewise learn the trick  
Of selling little twists of hay  
To make the little smoker sick.

But, worse than all (and here I strike  
A note too deep for ribald rhyme),  
They say the immigrant is like  
To cut us out in point of crime !

Statistics prove the appalling fact  
That in the artful dodger's game  
These others show a verve and tact  
That puts our connoisseurs to shame.

In vacant hall or social crush  
Where plate is pinched or purses leek,  
The foreign artist brings a blush  
Upon the native's brazen cheek.

Here surely we should draw the line;  
It is a case—I feel it is—  
Where honest men might well combine  
In aid of local industries.

I care not much though alien folk  
In other spheres assume the van;  
But he that wants to pick my poke  
Must be a true-born Englishman.

Free Trade I call a noble creed;  
I'd hate to see that fetish crack;  
And yet at times I think we need  
The other kind of commerce back.

As buds that fear an April gale—  
Ask them to face the cold,—they can't;  
They need Protection, being frail,—  
Such is the British burglar's plant.

LOWTHER ! on you I urge his claim,  
To you this task of love assign;  
So in the heavens by the name  
Of "BURGLAR'S JEMMY" you shall shine !

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PAYING a sort of flying-fish visit to the West Indies, my Baronite hopped upon *A Narrative of a Journey up the Caura River*, by E. ANDRÉ. The Caura flows through trackless pathways of Guiana. Since the time of WALTER RALEIGH it has ever fascinated explorers. Spaniards dreamed of a golden city somewhere on its banks. Three centuries ago expedition after expedition left the plateau of Quito in search of it. RALEIGH, in his work describing the Discovery of Guiana, chronicles a report ("for my own part I am resolved is true") that the dwellers by the banks of the Caura "have their eyes in their shoulders, their mouths in the middle of their breasts, a long train of hair growing backward between their shoulders." Is this, by the way, the source of SHAKSPEARE's dream of

Men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders ?

Mr. ANDRÉ, accompanied by seven men, including two expert hunters, started on his adventurous journey on November 29, 1900. On May 22 in the following year a boat-load of starved human beings, transformed beyond recognition, reached the settlement nearest to the trackless waste over which some of them had literally crawled back. Returning after making their way southward as far as the mountain Améha, their dugout was wrecked in one of the numerous rapids through which the Caura storms its way to join the Orinoco. With the wreck went all the hardly earned treasures of the journey—a collection of birds (some novel to mankind), seeds, insects, herbarium specimens, and ANDRÉ's journal, containing precious notes, the work of months. Fever-stricken, famished, the prey of insects, some cutting their way through trackless forests, others hourly facing the peril of shipwreck in a crank dugout, they doggedly won their way back to civilisation. The book, printed in a local newspaper office in Trinidad, is accompanied by a portfolio of 29 photographs taken on the spot. It deserves a wider circle of readers than this form of introduction is likely to secure for it. An enterprising London publisher might find it worth looking up.

In *A Castle in Spain* (SMITH, ELDER & Co.), Mr. BERNARD CAPES has given us a romance of thrilling interest. Many of the dramatic situations are such as GUSTAVE DORÉ, or, before him, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, would have seized upon as offering great chances. The scene, in the latter part of the story, where the dwarf—a veritable "Dwarf of Blood," to quote the signature to some of the raciest articles in a certain pink publication—performs prodigies of valour, would have furnished either of the above-mentioned artists with a splendid opportunity for their blackest and whitest. The writer's style is reminiscent of THACKERAY in *Esmond*, of ANTHONY HOPE, of "Q," and in certain parts of GEORGE MEREDITH, especially when his epigram tends towards obscurity. To get all these authors at their best in one novel is no small achievement; yet it is a salad of which the peculiarly attractive flavour is the author's own secret. Taken for all in all, it is one of the very best romances the Baron has come across for some considerable time.

A stimulating commencement characterises GEORGE GRIFFITH's *The World Masters* (JOHN LONG), but the interest is allowed to drop until the eighth chapter, when it is revived, yet only for a while. "Ah!" sighs the Baron, "to what sensational uses would not *Sherlock Holmes* have put the material that this author had at his command? But 'such an honest chronicler as GRIFFITH' will soon give us something better, something more stirring. So till then, GRIFFITH, farewell!—nay—Patience! till his next romance," quoth the sanguine



### FOREIGN COMPETITION.

BRITISH HABITUAL CRIMINAL. "WELL, IF THESE 'ERE FURRIN ALIENS IS A-GOIN' TER TAKE THE BREAD OUT OF A HONEST MAN'S MOUTH—BLIMEY IF I DON'T TURN COPPER!"



## MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

## XII.—SIR HUBERT PARRY.

"AVAST there!" cried the genial Director of the Royal College of Music, playfully saluting us with a belaying pin and several marlinspikes, as we entered his sumptuous sanctum in Prince Consort Road. Sir HUBERT, it should be explained, was originally intended for the Navy, and to this day spends all his available leisure on the briny deep. But having inadvertently become a Bachelor of Music while still at Eton, it was impossible for him to be altogether wedded to the ocean wave. Proceeding from Eton to Exeter College, Oxford, he took kindly to cricket, and foreshadowed his distinction



He spends all his available leisure on the briny deep.

in other fields of activity by his free and easy scoring. After Oxford the naval instinct once more asserted itself, and for a short time he occupied a desk at Lloyd's, where he edited a collection of sailors' "chanties," and practised assiduously on the *tromba marina*. Encouraged by the reception of these efforts, young PARRY studied composition under HERRESHOFF, KIEL, DANNREUTHER, and, having submitted a masterly exercise in demonstration of the hitherto unsuspected truth that two consecutive fifths are equal to a submerged tenth, was granted his certificate as Master Mariner, and was shortly afterwards appointed musical critic to the *Pilot*. His deep interest in the Mercantile Marine was further evinced in the fact that perhaps his most resounding success was achieved in a cantata richly scored for a Pair of Sirens. His notorious prowess as a



"Premature baldness rendered it absolutely impossible for me to attain distinction as a pianistic virtuoso."

swimmer is fitly commemorated in his incidental music to the *Frogs*, while his favourite song is "*L'esperto nocchiero*."

The readiness with which Sir HUBERT vouchsafed information on these points encouraged us to ask a few further questions.

"Have you time," we asked, "to play any instrument nowadays?"

"Nary a blooming one," was the prompt response. Then with a swift return to the decorous diction of the *Evolution of Music*, he added, "Unfortunately premature baldness rendered it absolutely impossible for me to attain distinction as a pianistic virtuoso."

"Is it true, Sir HUBERT," we timidly queried, "that in one of your lectures you alluded to the old Masters as 'those old buffers'?"

"Great César Cui!" exploded the Director, "did I really now? Well, it

shan't occur again. But I sometimes forget that I am a Choragus, and lapse into the breezy vernacular. You see it's harder to play the part when you don't look it." We may add that it is the great sorrow of Sir HUBERT's life that no stranger ever took him for a musician.

Adroitly changing the subject we then inquired:—

"Which do you think the greater composer, RICHARD STRAUSS or SOUSA?"

"O, come now," said Sir HUBERT PARRY, "you might as well ask me the difference between a March King and a March Hare—or a May Queen," he added, as a familiar strain of SIERNDALE BENNETT's floated up the corridor. "Personally I am more akin to Sousa, as we are both J.P.'s."

"Your duties then must be very arduous?"

"They are indeed. The crew of the



To take a flying leap into a passing hansom was the work of fewer seconds than it takes to describe.

Royal College numbers upwards of 400, and, as they all sing or play, the noise is sometimes tremendous. However, I have a bomb-proof turret into which I retire at times. And then I have a splendid set of officers—an eloquent PARRATT, an ARBOS who is never up a tree, a WOOD who never shivers his timbers, a BRIDGE who plays his game two-handed—wonderful fellows all of them."

"And what are your recreations?"

"Well, an occasional novel—being a skipper comes in handy there—and attending my parish council in Gloucestershire. And that reminds me that I have only eight minutes to catch my train at Paddington. You'll excuse me if I leave you."

To light a powerful cigar, to seize his coat, hat, and a huge bundle of MS.



"I have a bomb-proof turret into which I retire at times."

score, take a flying leap into a passing hansom, was for Sir HUBERT the work of fewer seconds than it takes us to describe his meteoric movements. From his courteous registrar, who accompanied us to the vestibule, we learned that the Director is causing his friends no little anxiety by his avowed intention of purchasing a submarine yacht, having so often previously attempted to commit Parrycide on sea and land.

#### PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Communicated by the Author.)

##### I.

If I may be justified to form an opinion from more than one epistle forwarded to myself from *Punch's* Offices, there are already many millions of habitual playgoers who are on the *qui vive* of expectancy to witness my unparagone drama of *Mr. Frankenstein* represented on some first-class London stage.

I can assure them it is no fault of their humble servant's that they have had to wait so long for such a desiderated spectacle. For I embraced an early opportunity of furnishing every London acting-manager of any importance whatever with type-written scenarios and sample extracts—but so far without receiving even the bare courtesy of a nude acknowledgment!

I have also used best endeavours to personally buttonhole some of the bigger theatrical wigs and enlist their sympathies on my behalf, but it appears that these illustrious Thespians are such inordinate lovers of seclusion that it is humanly impossible to interview them on any pretext.

However, *Audaces Fortuna juvat!* and, not being a steed that I can starve while the stable-door is being so insouciantly shut in my face, I have luckily fallen in with a benign and magnanimous patron, who has generously undertaken to do the necessary to insure me a popular hearing.

This high-minded personage enjoys the double-barrelled appellation of Mr. CHESSEBOROUGH DUCROW, and he is so violently in love with my Tragedy that he is prepared to produce same at a fashionable West End Theatre as a matinée-performance, on the terms that he shall furnish the requisite company, sceneries, &c., on my provision of the wherewithal for all monetary expenses.

These latter I shall easily recoup by sales of admission-tickets on the share-and-share-alike principle, and he assures me that countless tip-top managerial swells and dramatical critics will be all agog to behold such a *rara avis* as a drama by a native Indian gentleman, and that I am certain to secure a very bulky whale by the expenditure of a mere sprat.

Moreover, I shall have the immense advantage of being interpreted by players all of whom are guaranteed *au fait*, for it appears that Mr. DUCROW is the official Principal of a Select Dramatic College, and he has promised to pick out only such of his *alumnuses* upon whom, after passing very stiff exams, he has recently conferred the degree of B.A. (Bachelor of Acting).

This is a distinction which is not possessed even by Managers of His Majesty's, Haymarket, Garrick, Adelphic, or indeed any other similar establishment, and Mr. DUCROW declares to me that if such Acting-Managers were to present themselves for a pass-certificate, he would be compelled as a conscientious to plough the entire boiling!

Still I may confidentially hint to Honbles BEERHOME, MAUDE-ROBERTSON, BOUTCHER, & Co. that I am already so firmly established in Mr. DUCROW's good books that any *nominee of mine* would infallibly obtain a firstrate degree—perhaps without more than a *pro forma* exam. But it would of

course be unreasonable to expect me to exert influence for any individual who is too churlish to scratch my back in return! Am I understood, Masters?

I have now had the honour to be introduced to my Company.

Mr. SILLIPHANT (who is to play the hero) is perhaps somewhat senile to enact a Collegian such as my *Mr. Frankenstein*, but he engages that, by dint of a fair wig and a modicum of grease-paint, he can transform himself to a stripling. Besides being a certified B.A., he is the practical tragedian, having been employed for over two months in a provincial *Sign of the Cross* Company as the understudent of a Christian martyr.

The *Monster* will be enacted by a Mr. FITKIN, who, for family reasons, has adopted the stagey nomenclature of "OSRIC BELSIZE." He is of mediocre stature, and still entitled to plead infancy (except for legal necessities)—but of excessively buxom comely appearance.

No sooner were we acquainted than he handed me a photographic presentation of himself as he appeared at some charitable theatricals in SHERIDAN's play of *Masks and Faces*. I thanked him effusively for so handsome a present, and was proceeding to promise, by way of equivalent, a copy of my own photo in frockcoat and turban by a Calcutta firm—when he hastily explained that it was not a gift but simply a loan-exhibit, and replaced it in his bosom-pocket. He admits that the *Monster* is a big part, and is confident that he will make something out of it.

The other gentleman-actors are also adolescents—but, though they profess that they have merely entered Mr. DUCROW's Academical-College "for the lark of the thing," it is manifest that without laborious diligence they could not so speedily have qualified as B.A.'s.

As for the ladies, though of less juvenility, they are a very genteel spritely set of females. Miss VIRGINIA POTT (whose theatrical pseudonym is "OPHELIA DANESCOURT") is to take the part of *Safie*, the beautiful Turkish, and is a middle-aged erudite spinster, and fanatical admirer of Poet SHAKSPEARE, the whole of whose works she has *au bout des ongles* and cites incessantly.

In this she is by no means on all fours with Miss ROUSIE RAWKINS, a young maiden with a voice of rather too strident intonations, who is to play *Agatha* under the appellation of "Miss DAPHNE VANSITTART," and who blames the Bard on the ground of his excessive coarseness.

She has, however, paid my drama the deservedly high compliment of her opinion that it does not contain a single line that is incapable of being spoken by a perfect lady!

For the heroine—*Miss Elizabeth Lavenza*—a certain Miss ENID TITTENSOR has been selected. She is of somewhat engaging exterior, but afflicted with such overweening sheepishness that she cannot even read her part without paroxysms of irrepressible gigglings. I am earnestly hoping that she will exhibit greater *sangfroid* by the date of performance.

The aforesaid Mr. DUCROW has been obliged to procure an outside urchin to play the important rôle of *Little Darling William*—to wit, a certain Master HALFRID CHUGG, who, although extremely precocious, is as yet too callow to become a full-fledged B.A.

Notwithstanding this, I foresee that he will prove fairly competent to perform so infantile a character—though I shall make it a *sine quā non* that before his public appearance he is to perform his ablutions by washing at least his face.

Mr. CHESSEBOROUGH DUCROW has secured the Royal Oak Theatre, Westbourne Park, for my matinée performance.

It is indubitably situated more at the West End than such *soi-disant* establishments as the Haymarket and His Majesty's Theatres, and as buses are in the habit of passing

it by at frequent intervals, it is, so I am credibly informed, the favourite pleasure resort of all the Upper Circles.

Unluckily it is in such request that it is not feasible to hire the stage for more than a single afternoon, and it is therefore compulsory to hold all our rehearsal-practices in Mr. CHESEBOROUGH Ducrow's Academy, which, being a first-floor drawing-room apartment in the Euston Road, is not constructed to accommodate more than three or four characters at a time, so that in the more populated scenes the majority must recite their respective parts from the landing outside.

This, however, is a small matter, since I am told the *Dramatis personæ* will not be so shamefully over-crowded on the actual stage.

I can promise that the sceneries will be truly magnificent, as Mr. Ducrow has undertaken that no expense shall be spared upon same.

It only remains to announce that the date of this superbly solemn dramatic event is now irrevocably fixed for Wednesday week at 2.30 P.M. Evening dress not compulsory. There will be a Refreshments-counter.

Readers of *Punch* may depend on being allotted best seats, on forwarding P.O.'s for 7s. 6d. per head, with stamped addressed envelopes to myself, c/o Honble Editor (whom I am entitling to admission gratis).

H. B. J.

#### A ROMANCE OF THE PERIOD.

[From New York we hear of a lover who does his wooing with a revolver. It is alleged that he put one arm round the lady's waist, and with the other held a revolver to her face. Then he threatened that if she did not agree to marry him he would shoot her.]—*Daily Paper.*

EDWIN crept noiselessly and on all fours to the half-opened door of the armour-plated drawing-room. His heart leapt within him. ANGELINA, dreamily gazing into the fire, was off guard!

Sliding the door gently forward, he advanced slowly, still upon hands and knees, until he was within the firing line. Then, rising quickly and cocking his revolver, he whispered tenderly, "ANGELINA!"

The next moment the fair object of his desires was upon her feet ready to give the alarm.

"Do not, dearest ANGELINA," he cried. "But listen to me. I love you dearly, you are the light of my eyes, the object of my most devoted admiration—and if you move in any but one direction you are a dead woman."

"And that direction is?"

"Into these arms, darling," he replied. "No! I do not mean these fire-arms, but these human, that long to take you captive." He paused for a



Jones. "DO YOU DRINK BETWEEN MEALS?"

Jones. "WHICH DID YOU DO LAST?"

Jones. "THEN WE'D BETTER GO AND HAVE A SANDWICH AT ONCE!"

Smith. "NO. I EAT BETWEEN DRINKS."

Smith. "DRINK."

moment and then continued softly: "Immediately hand over the key of your heart or I shall have to open fire upon you."

For a moment the beautiful girl was uncertain what to do. She knew that if her father were communicated with he would quickly bring the family howitzer—which had already accounted for fourteen swains—to bear upon the enemy. Even now he might be marching to her relief. Her brother, too, she thought, was only in the garden, and might be reconnoitring the enemy's position from the outside. She must hold out at all costs. Putting her hand into her pocket, she drew forth her

handkerchief and waved it aloft. "The white flag!" he exclaimed; "well, what do you want?"

"An armistice for a quarter of an hour," replied the brave girl.

"Ha!" he said. "I see. You are looking for reinforcements. But my brother GEORGE is covering your brother's advance from the garden, and your father is already in hospital. Must I open fire?" He added the last words in a tremulous tone.

She looked around her for any aid. But there was none in prospect.

"I surrender," she said.

The next moment EDWIN had taken her prisoner.

## "THE COUNTRY LUNCH CLUB."

[According to the *Daily Graphic* of Feb. 18, an organisation has been formed to encourage City men to journey out of town to some pleasant place twenty miles or more away, consume a midday meal, and get back to business almost as soon as their clerks. Guildford was selected as the venue for the initial exodus of the Club.]

On to be in Guildford,  
Now the Lunch Club's there,  
And whoever lives in Guildford  
Sees some morning, unaware,  
A hungry crowd beyond belief  
Rush up the street for a visit brief  
To the "Chequers," the "Jolly Farmer," the "Plough,"  
In Guildford now !

After each train-load, one more follows,  
Migrating like a flock of swallows ;  
They one and all have taken a solemn pledge  
To sniff the turnips and to feed in clover.  
That's the Prize Pig ; he eats each course twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine rural rapture !  
When all the bosses such a plan pursue,  
And miss the train back from their pasture new,  
All will be gay in London when they dower  
Their staff thus with an extra playful hour !

## PITY THE POOR LANDOWNER !

THE Liberty and Property Defence League from time to time raises its voice in lamentation over the crushing character of the Death Duties. In fact the League seems inclined to agree with the lady in the play who declared, "What with the duties expected of you during your life, and the duties exacted from you after your death, land is rapidly ceasing to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives you a position and prevents you from keeping it up. That is all that can be said about land !"

The following letters which *Mr. Punch* has received on the subject seem to show that that *dictum* was but too well founded.

The DUKE OF LOAMSHIRE writes :—"Owing to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's iniquitous tax I have been compelled to a series of retrenchments of the most distressing nature. Of my nine country seats I have been obliged to close temporarily no less than three. One of these, it is true, is in Ireland, and as it has not been occupied for the last twenty years this is no great inconvenience. But the loss of the other two I feel keenly. The stables at Loam are now a perfect desert. Nothing is left in them save a few hunters, a hack or two, and the Duchess's carriage horses. While of our twelve thousand acres of shooting in Fifeshire no less than seven thousand are now let ! Such is the state of indigence to which this crushing impost has reduced us !"

Sir GORGUS MIDAS, Bart., writes :—"The profound sorrow which the death of my late father caused the country is only equalled by the poignant pecuniary distress it has occasioned his son. Lady Midas and myself have actually been compelled to let our house in Park Lane, and are now living penitiously in South Audley Street. The most rigid economy is necessary in our household expenditure. One of the under cooks has been dismissed, also the third coachman ; and we now have only five footmen. I need not point out the unmerited suffering which this state of things must have caused to the dependants whose services we have been compelled to dispense with."

Mr. JOHN BLOGGINS, son of the well-known South African millionaire, writes :—"The amount of the death duties payable upon my father's estate will be not less than five hundred thousand pounds. In order to raise this sum

without encroaching on the capital it will be necessary to curtail even necessary expenditure upon his numerous English estates, raise the rents of his tenants wherever possible, dismiss all servants, gardeners and gamekeepers who are getting past their work, and, of course, abandon all subscriptions to charitable and other benevolent and public objects whatsoever. The last of these will be a serious deprivation to me, as it will mean the almost indefinite postponement of the knighthood on which I had set my heart. I am sure you will agree with me, Sir, that a financial expedient which has this deplorable result is entirely unworthy of even a mediocre Statesman !"

## TO A "CHUCKER-OUT."

(By a Gentleman on the Black List.)

WILLIAM (a person unsurpassed in size),  
Thy bosom, tender as the brooding hen's is,  
Might wring a teardrop from the grossest eyes,  
And move the dullest to poetic frenzies ;  
And yesternight, as round thy feet I clung,  
I swore thy charms should never go unsung.

Men know thee well ; the organ-grinder's boy  
Eyes thee askance and moves discreetly on ;  
The languorous housemaid winks on thee for joy,  
Thou art so beautiful to look upon.  
Oft have I heard the unrequited sigh  
From love-lorn Duchesses that pass thee by.

WILLIAM, dost thou recall how on a day  
I backed my first and only Derby winner,  
And subsequently fell an easy prey

To Bacchus at a rather lavish dinner,  
And how I started up the mazy street  
Poised on a pair of disconnected feet ?

Thy hand it was that with a mother's care  
Unhooked me from an irresponsive stranger,  
That haled me to a hansom by the hair  
And placed me, still protesting, out of danger ;  
Thy tongue restrained with eloquent appeal  
The strenuous constable's unholy zeal.

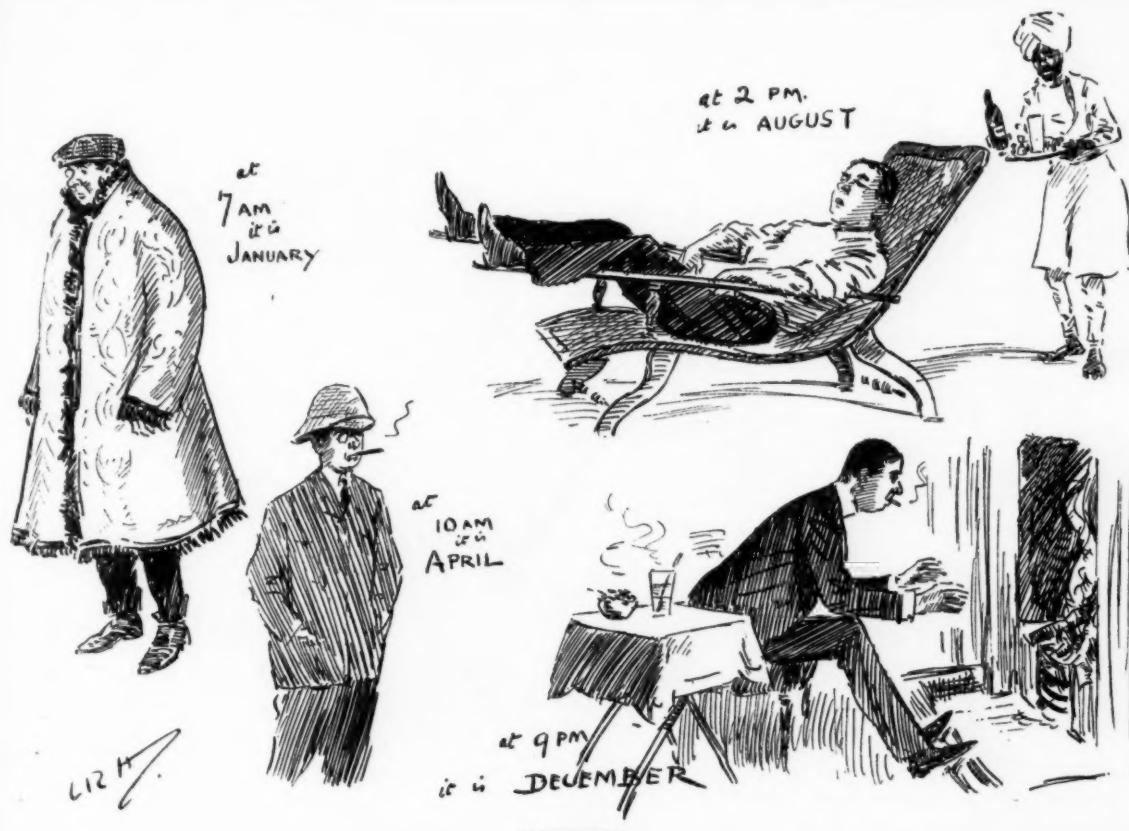
WILLIAM, alas ! a Law severe and new  
Enacts that he who falls a prey to liquor,  
Whose limbs grow light beneath the potent brew,  
Whose speech with each ensuing draught grows thicker  
Shall be debarred the moist abodes of sin,  
And that thou may'st not, canst not let him in !

And I must thirst ! 'twere idle to resist,  
Bearing the law's deep dungeon still in mind ;  
Within thy poke there lies an awful List :  
The yet more awful Beak looms large behind !  
And even thou, without mine ancient haunt,  
Dost wave thy frowning feet and cry, "Avaunt !"

The times are changed and we must alter too,  
Who oft enjoyed congenial carouses ;  
The flowing bowl must rigidly eschew,  
Or seek the same in alien public-houses,  
Where still perchance refreshment we may claim,  
Unknown alike to potmen and to Fame.

COLLUSION?—In *Sporting Life* (Feb. 14) the Committee of the Waterloo Coursing Meeting advertised that "the arrangements previously made with pickpockets and welshers will be continued."

MOTTO FOR SIR FREDERICK LUGARD.—"Arma virumque Kano."



## VARIETY.

*Extract from a Globe-trotter's Correspondence :—“DEAR JACK,—YOU TALK ABOUT THE CHANGEABLENESS OF THE WEATHER AT HOME, BUT EVEN IN THE SHINY EAST WE GET A FEW SAMPLES IN THE COURSE OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AS ABOVE.”*

## CHARIVARIA.

SOMEONE who thinks Ping-Pong succeeded because of its pretty title has invented a game called “Wibbly-Wob.”

Oyster-lovers may like to know that, according to an eminent medical man, the bivalves are entirely free from danger if first thoroughly soaked in carbolic.

There is still a considerable amount of discontent among solicitors at the decision of many County Court Judges that they must wear their gowns. It is felt that a change should be made either in the gowns of the solicitors or those of the Court ushers in order that the public may know which is which. It will be remembered that barristers are allowed to wear wigs.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has published a book entitled *Augustus*, and it is having an enormous sale among patrons of comic literature, whose language is terrible to hear when they discover it to

be a serious treatise on the founder of the Roman Empire.

And Mr. GAMBIER BOLTON's *A Book of Beasts* is being freely ordered by all sorts of objectionable persons, to see whether they have been found out.

Mr. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA has again been accused of theatricality. The current number of the *Lady's Magazine* publishes his portrait in “Some Notes on our Theatrical Favourites.”

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. BINDER has called M. COMBES a chameleon, and it was noticed that the PRIME MINISTER distinctly changed colour at the accusation.

A clever young surgeon is said to be studying the question of the possibility of making dogs talk. There is little doubt that a fortune awaits the man who will make cats keep quiet.

The village of Ontario, Ohio, boasts of a boy only four months old who

whistles a variety of tunes learned from his father during the latter's endeavours to lull him to sleep. He also possesses a voice of wonderful power. The father is distracted.

There is likely to be trouble between the Hon. JAMES W. S. LANGERMAN and the *Daily Express*. In an interview in that paper on the subject of Morocco the Hon. JAMES W. S. LANGERMAN is made to say: “The Sultan is very fond of his horses, mechanical contrivances of all kinds, and his private Zoo. On one occasion when I was there . . .”

The scene of the play, *A Snug Little Kingdom*, now running at the Royalty, is not laid in Saxony.

PROFESSIONAL MODESTY.—Mr. HALL CAINE has written to a branch of the “Dickens Fellowship” in the following generous terms: “The revival of interest in DICKENS is perhaps the most remarkable literary event of my time.” May one conjecture what lies behind the reservation in that saving word “perhaps”?



*First Golfer (to second golfer, who is caught in a bunker).* "WELL, JONES TOLD ME THIS MORNING HE DID THIS HOLE YESTERDAY IN FOUR."

*Second Golfer (who stammers).* "IF JONES S-S-SAID HE DID IT IN FOUR, HE WAS A L-L-L-L—"

*First Golfer.* "STEADY, FRIEND, STEADY!"

*Second Golfer.* "—HE WAS A L-LUCKY BEGGAR!"

#### THE THEATRICAL "PAR." OF THE FUTURE.

The new play at the Grand is full of novelties, and should be seen by everyone. The opening scene—a rockbound coast—makes a most effective background for the oyster-white satin gown trimmed with écrù motifs and punched lace insertion worn by the heroine—a fisher-maiden. The stole of curled coque feathers which she assumes as the red limelight betokens the approach of the dinner-hour is very smart, as is also the comfy-looking sealskin coat that the appearance of the moon renders absolutely *de rigueur*. The moonlight mailleté embroideries are also nicely in keeping. The Second Act introduces us to a bevy of pretty girls in wool fascinators, who flit gaily about a cornfield in wonderful zibeline costumes with swallow-tailed basques, and pagoda cuffs faced with ermine. The fisher-maiden's hat of draped ivory areophane, and her sacque with flat revers of dark red skunk bordered with plissé chiffon, are worth going miles to see. There is a sprinkling of men in the piece, who afford useful relief.

The revival of *Aurora Floyd* at the Britannia the other night was marked by an extraordinary niggardliness on the part of the management. Most of the *dramatis personæ* had absolutely nothing to wear—the old housekeeper, for instance, coming on in the same black silk throughout the entire evening. Even the lady who played the name-part was afforded no opportunity of changing her dresses—except between the Acts. There is no reason why the action of each scene should not be suspended during her necessary occasional absences for this purpose. Other theatres now give us these pauses, full of the most thrilling anticipatory interest.

We regret to say the costumes in *Hamlet* at the Polytechnic are very old-fashioned. The play is, however, worth seeing for the sake of the wrinkles for fancy dresses that may be obtained from a close study of it. *Hamlet's* suit of sable musquash lined with mink, though certainly uncommon, could, however, only be worn in a ball-room by a very young girl. The same remark applies to *Ophelia's* bathing-suit of *crêpe de chine*.

#### COLOURABLE IMITATION.

*Or, a J. M. Barrie'sment of Titles.*

The sincerest form of flattery has already overtaken *The Little White Bird*. A publisher announces *The Little Red Fish*. We understand that the following works are in preparation:—

The Little Blue Bottle ;  
The Little Blue Pill ;  
The Little Black Eye ;  
The Little Pink Pearl ;  
The Little Purple Emperor ;  
The Little Brown Boot ;  
The Little Yellow Jaundice ;  
The Little Scarlet Fever ;  
The Little Grey Hair ;  
The Little Gold Stopping.

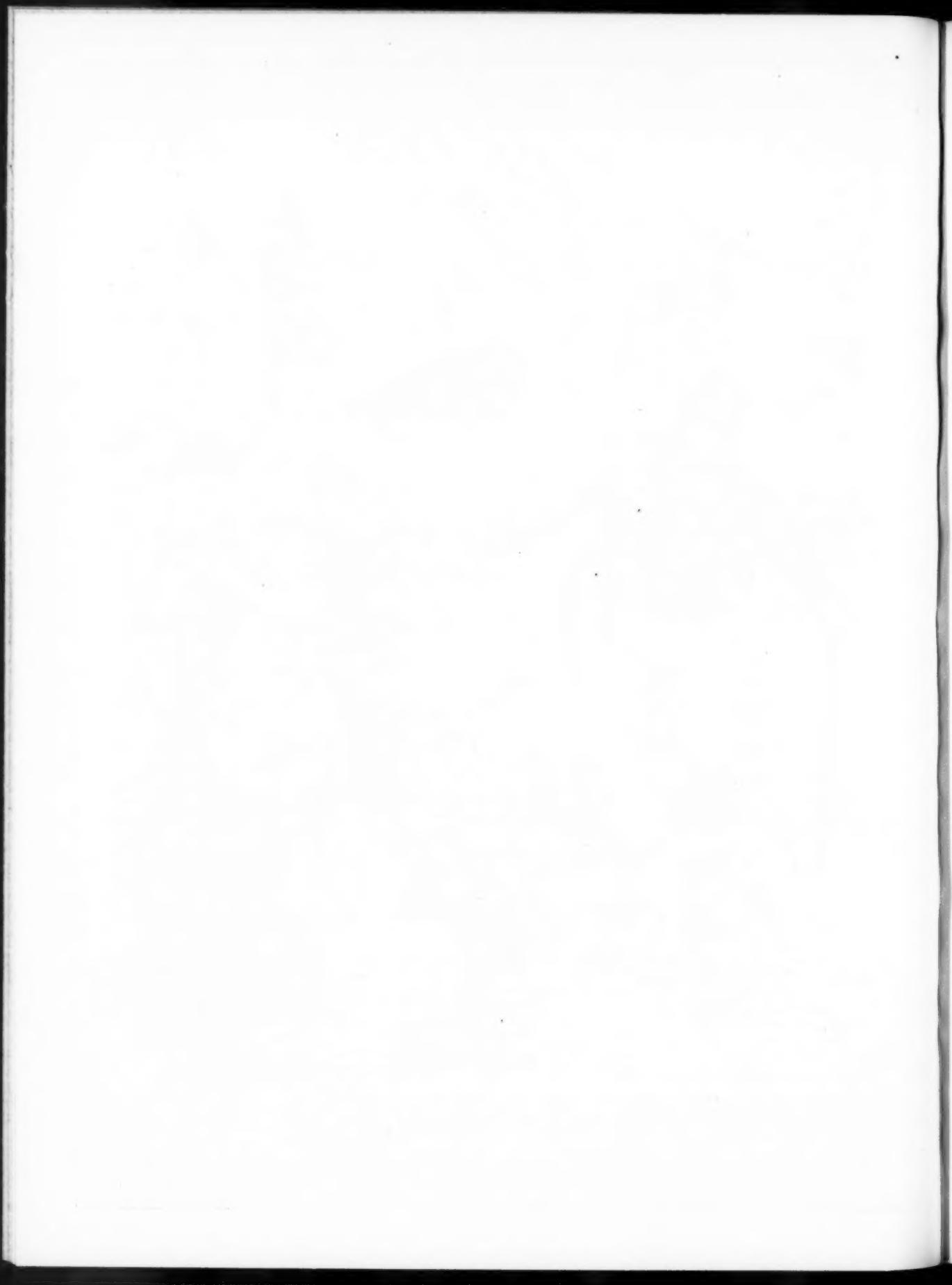
From the *Liverpool Daily Post* we extract the following advertisement of what may be called Co-incidental Music:—

PHILHARMONIC HALL.  
HIS MAJESTY'S GRENADIER GUARDS' BAND.  
March "Stars and Stripes for Ever" (at 3 and 8).  
Sousa.



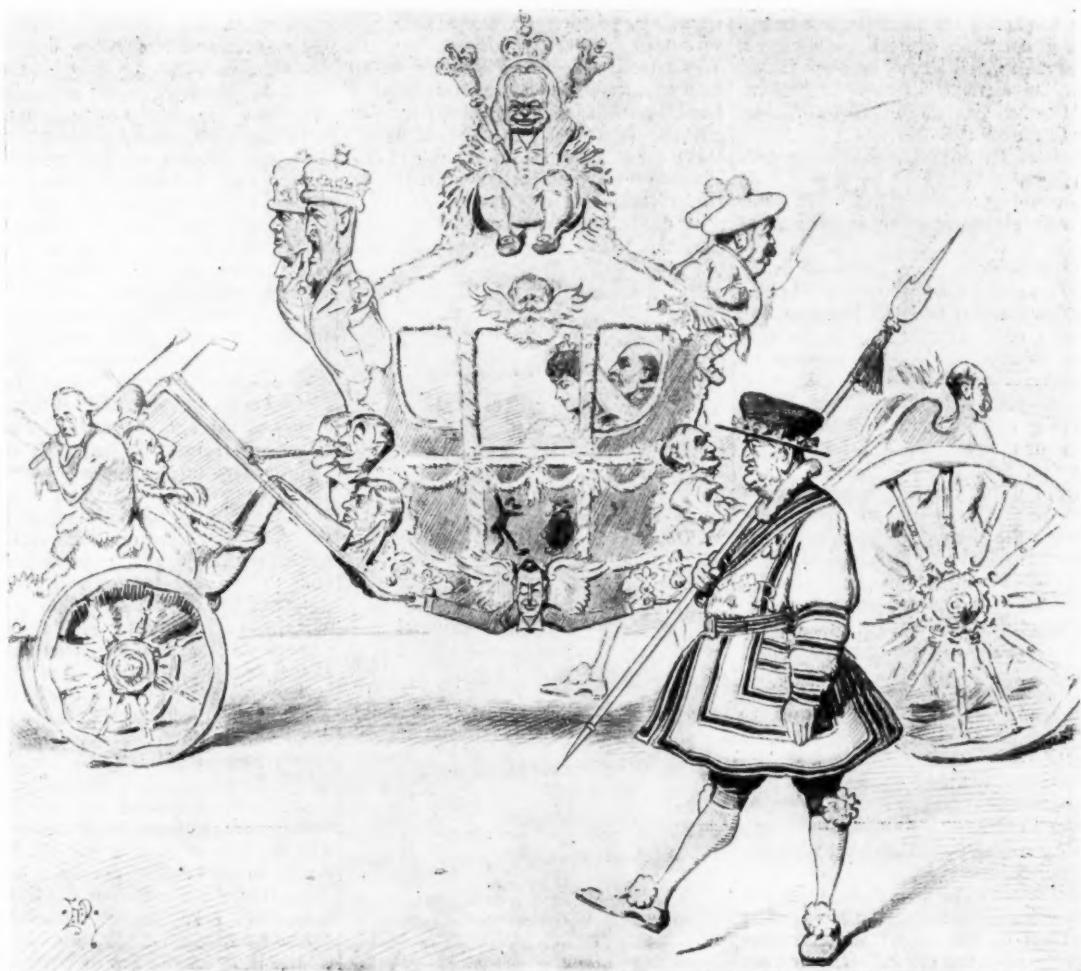
### DEAD WEIGHT.

MASTER BALFOUR. "IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME, I NEVER CAN GET THIS THING TO START!"  
JOHN BULL. "WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WITH ALL THAT RUBBISH HANGING ON TO IT?"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AMENDED DESIGN FOR THE STATE COACH.

(For Parliamentary Purposes.)

*House of Lords, Tuesday, Feb. 17.—* Not much of a crowd in either House. Ministerialists and Opposition duly mustered. But Members recognise unreality of proceeding. Long, rambling debate attending presence of the Sovereign. The more things change, the more they resemble each other. To-day EDWARD, erstwhile PRINCE OF WALES, now King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, sits on the Throne and, wearing in place of crown the plumed hat of a Field-Marshal, reads his Speech. When, three hours after, the Lords were embarked in debate on Address, a later PRINCE OF WALES, gazing on the empty Throne, listened from the familiar seat at corner of front cross bench. Thus AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds.

Not much of a crowd in either House. Ministerialists and Opposition duly must-

ered. But Members recognise unreality of proceeding. Long, rambling debate on Address ostensibly takes form of attack on Ministers with respect to things done or left undone during Recess. But Opposition leaders cannot screw courage to sticking point of moving vote of censure. That being so, PRINCE ARTHUR insists that House might just as well, even better, get to work on legislative business, dealing with controversial questions as they present themselves in practical form. (See Cartoon.)

Suggestion characteristically bland; it is certainly childlike. Parliament, especially Commons, knows its own business better. Year after year always talkie talkee round Address for ten

days or fortnight. Not going to trounce tradition, betray dearest privilege of Britisher and Irishman because it is mere waste of time, to be made up later in Session by hustling Bills and Money votes through final stages.

All the same it is deadly dull; proceedings in both Houses direfully tedious. The Lords momentarily comforted by Return of that eminent Native the MARKISS. Since he stepped down from altitude of Premiership not been seen at Westminster. This afternoon, noble Lords, in anticipation of debate on Address, yawning at each other across the floor, sharply waked up at observation of the MARKISS ambling in. Seemed most natural thing in the world that, as

he passed between Ministerial Bench and Table, he should drop into old seat in which of late years he has slept away an hour of many summer afternoons. Headed straight on, crossed Gangway, came to anchor on front bench below. Here, in company with that other great statesman retired from business, GRAND CROSS, he sat and listened to SPENCER and COUNTY GUY toiling at the Table, wrestling over the Address.

No more for him the labouring oar. If Bishops go wrong or Irish landlords grow unruly, let others look to it. For him rest evermore, and enjoyment of this new aspect of familiar scene. Never before has the MARKISS sat below the Gangway in House of Lords. Situation familiar to Lord ROBERT CECIL in House of Commons fifty years ago. When he succeeded to the peerage he was already of Ministerial rank, with right of place on either Front Bench according as his party was in or out. On one or other he has sat these thirty-five years.

How delightful and instructive it would be if, inspired and invigorated by below-the-gangway atmosphere, the MARKISS, reverting to the ROBERT CECIL frame of mind, would occasionally express his views not only on the imperfections of the Opposition, but on the laches of noble Lords on the Ministerial Bench!

*Business done.*—Session opens.

*House of Commons, Thursday.*—BEERBOHM TREE produces at Haymarket what he calls Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. T. R. Westminster, not to be outdone by minor modern house, brings out "Resurrection of JESSE COLLINGS." Immense success; standing room only; *Matinées*, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Contributory to triumph was the unexpectedness. No preliminary puffs; no billing of the town; no advertisements "under the clock." Sitting set apart for debate on condition of Unemployed; initiated by DON'T KEIR HARDIE, seconded by JOHN BURNS in finely turbulent speech. Then, to all men's marvel and much delight, enter JESSE COLLINGS, astride the historic cow, gravely prancing round the once familiar Three Acres.

Which thing is an allegory. What really happened was that, the old, old question of the Unemployed springing up, JESSE remembered him of the unfailing panacea, his own Small Holdings Act. Put that in universal operation, and there you are; every poor man in the kingdom possessing three acres and one cow, living happily together ever afterwards.

Only old Members like SARK appreciate all the history that lies behind this simple incident. Here was the Member for BORDESLEY, after meteoric flight

adown the Treasury Bench, once more on benches below Gangway, where, Radical among Radicals, he, nearly a quarter of a century ago, began his useful, honourable career. In corresponding position on other side just seventeen years ago, forestalling DE WET's tactics, he drove his cow before him in attack on the Government of Lord SALISBURY, then in office; adroitly got the beast between the MARKISS's legs; upset him on the veld of the Three Acres; brought back Mr. G., the Home Rule Bill up his sleeve; led to rout of Liberal Party; hustled them into the wilderness; made possible a

Acres, pathetically milking the old familiar cow.

*Business done.*—Discussion on condition of the Unemployed.

*Friday night.*—Years ago JOKIM, still with us in the Commons, ruling the Queen's Navee under the flag of the MARKISS, confided to the MEMBER FOR SARK his hankering for emancipation. He wanted, he said, to complete a work long in hand, being a record of the Life and Times of his grandfather. After long, honourable, public service, JOKIM, to the irreparable loss of the Commons, has soared into another place, and is now Viscount GOSCHEN. His literary work is finished, and Mr. MURRAY issues it in two portly volumes.

The title is of itself an epitome of family history, of which those who bear the name may well be proud. *The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer, by his Grandson, Viscount Goschen.* Little did the publisher and printer in his small shop at Leipsic, moving heaven and earth and KÖRNER to raise £450, the modest capital necessary to his business, dream that a hundred and eighteen years later a London firm would be publishing his Life, the writer being his own grandson, a peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord GOSCHEN's ability as debater, almost orator, has been long established in Parliament and on the platform. In his book he discloses possession of gift of admirable literary style. This combination rare; was conspicuously lacked by his early master in political life. Over Mr. G.'s written pages ran the taint of sinuous sentences, loosely constructed, well enough in spoken speech, fatal to a written book. The grandson lovingly limns the Leipsic publisher—industrious, strenuous, scrupulously honest, occasionally sentimental, always with an eye on the till. In the way of business this early GOSCHEN came into close communication with SCHILLER, WIELAND, GOETHE, and other literary giants who flourished in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Of these the grandson presents cameo studies that add largely to the interest and value of the work.

*Business done.*—Still talking round the Address.

[“Miss MARIE CORELLI asks us to state that she is not, and never will be, a ‘biographer’ of her own life.”—*Morning Post*.]

Is it too late to ask the talented author to reconsider her decision, when we remind her how a like omission on the part of a writer haling from the same neighbourhood plunged the world, three centuries after his death, into the great BACON controversy. Why should the generations of the 23rd Century suffer as we have suffered?



A Disordered Recollection of the Seconder of the Address.

(Capt. Hon. R-n-ld Gr-v-lle.)

Unionist Government and all that has happened since 1886.

There's history for you. And all about a cow!

Members listening to J. C., scanning his benevolent visage as he proffers Small Allotments alike to the many-aced Squire and the impecunious Radical, forget all this, or never knew it. Perhaps the venerable Three-Acred cowkeeper doesn't himself realise the irony of situation. Since first he led his patient beast round the floor of House of Commons he has himself boxed the political compass. Now, nearing the end, he finds himself once more a private Member, seated below the Gangway, staking out his Three

**FOR THE COMING ACADEMY.**

Young Mrs. Jim (the visitor). "So sorry I'm late, dear, but Jim has been making me sit to Mr. Pallitt, and I've been there all the afternoon."  
Mrs. Elderson (at home). "Oh, is Pallitt painting you? Then all I can say is, I only hope he will flatter you more than he did me!"

## HOW TO GET ON.

## No. VII.

## IN A CAGE.

GREAT ST. ANDREW STREET is one of the pointers of Seven Dials. On the opposite side of the Dial-face is Little St. Andrew Street, which is, in fact, a continuation of the great one, and in its outward form precisely similar to it. There are five other streets leading out of the Dials, all bearing a strong family likeness to the two I have named and to one another. The Seven Dials (if we may, for convenience, use it as a singular word) has had publicity thrust upon it. It was born in retirement and, though its life is busy enough, it could never have achieved its present conspicuously but for the various improvements which have swept away many of the adjoining slums. If you remove an ancient and embedded stone you find underneath it strange shapes of life that hurry away in a vain effort to hide from the unaccustomed glare of day. So it must have been in the Dials and its purlieus when the London County Council first drew the kindly veil of slumdom from it and exposed it to the public view. Now, however, it has grown accustomed to the light; its denizens have recovered their former equanimity, and it gets through its day's and night's work with something of its former zest. So far there is no writing on its walls, but sooner or later, I make no doubt, the County Council's hand of doom must be laid upon it, and it will become a mockery and a memory. Even now there is over it and its seven streets an indescribable atmosphere, made up of decaying vegetables, tattered matrons in apron and slippers, infants with dirty faces playing amongst the hoofs of horses, costermongers' carts, cats, puppies, pigeons, and tawdry finery—the atmosphere that foretells the inevitable coming of the surveyor who is to plan it out into broad avenues lined with stately houses, having first levelled it with the ground.

My business, however, is not so much with the Dials itself as with Great St. Andrew Street, which is one of its issues. Through this street I am compelled to walk several times a week on my way to the house of toil. It has, of course, shops of different kinds, but they are all dominated by one kind of shop which gives the region its special character—the kind which is devoted to dogs, cats, rabbits, and birds. This is a feature of the street which you cannot miss. It is useless to turn your head away from the poor little fox-terrier curled up in his cage, with his patient back presented to the insufferable loungers who poke their sticks between the wires and try to rouse him into the animation which ought to mark a fox-terrier, and which would doubtless mark this one too, if he had the free use of his active little legs and could scurry barking over the grass and exchange



*Mr. Town Mouse. "WE RUN ABOUT TOWN IN MOTOR-CARS NOW, YOU KNOW."*

*Mr. Wild Rabbit. "WELL, WE CAN'T FIND ANYTHING TO BEAT OUR SYSTEM OF TUBES."*

amenities with other barking, lively, impudent canine friends—it is useless, I say, to attempt to avoid such a sight by turning your head from him, for on the opposite side of the street it's ten to one you'll have to look at some other pitiful captives, caged and cramped through all the hours of God's day. You can't get away from the sight, so look at it and try to learn its lessons.

Now if *you* were put to live in Great St. Andrew Street in a cage similarly proportioned to your size, a cage in which you could just stand up and only just lie down, what a beating of bars and a bellowing there would be! Can't you imagine your letter to the *Times* (written with a lump of coal on a stray rag of dirty paper), and the arrival of the police, the release of the furious prisoner, the question in the House of Commons, the fall of the Government which had failed to prevent the outrage, and the action for false imprisonment with its £10,000 damages? You're a free-born, two-legged man, and, begad, Sir, you're not going to submit to such a horror—you're not even going to give yourself the pain of imagining its dreadful possibility.

Of course I must not really compare you to dogs and cats and birds. These poor creatures can't form abstract ideas, I'm told. They can't even think of justice and mercy and goodness. They don't go to church. Nobody, since the time of St. FRANCIS, has ever preached to any of their kind. They don't read daily papers, or vote at elections, or scowl at their wives when the mutton is tough. Heaven, which denied to them these felicities, has, however, in its wisdom given them an ineradicable hatred of cages, though they can't write odes to freedom or make speeches about it. Civilisation has made them man's dependants, and man, flying in the face of Heaven, coops them up behind wires and takes joy and movement out of their humble lives.

There is a cat, a long-haired Persian tabby, in Great St. Andrew Street. She lives on the pavement-tier of cages of one of the shops. Every day I see her as I walk. There she sits on her litter of straw behind the wires, sits and sits with that air of almost pathetic reserve and dignity and inscrutable mysterious distance which marks cats of her race in repose. It seems almost a sacrilege to interfere with her, or to approach her with the compliments to which house-cats are used. Just try her, however. Give her a "Pussy, poor pussy!" and insert a finger to scratch her behind an ear. Instantly she is on her feet, her face one broad smile of happy recognition. She rubs herself against your finger, circling round her cage, and as you withdraw she puts out an appealing paw in a vain effort to retain you. When you look back she is sitting again, looking out with the old stony impassivity on the life and bustle of the heedless street. At any rate, that cat knows how to behave in

Great St. Andrew Street. She makes no fuss; I have never even heard her mew, but I do not infer from this uncomplaining attitude that she loves her cage and the prisoned life she leads in it. Please take a look at her when you happen to be passing that way. She is a beautiful cat, and a very kind and gentle and grateful one.

### RHYMES OF THE EAST.

#### A VALEDICTION.

(Offered, on the spot, by an Exile, to the last of the homeward Durbar Liners.)

Now the busy screw is churning;  
Now the hour has come to sail;  
Now are India's guests returning  
Homeward by the weekly Mail;  
Now the gleeful Asiatic  
Speeds them in their wild career,  
And, though normally phlegmatic,  
Gives a half-unconscious cheer.

India's years were years of leanness  
Till the Greatest Show on Earth  
Summoned these, whose happy green-

ness  
She has run for all 'twas worth;  
Only for a month she knew them;  
Yet, so far as one can tell,  
All the land rose up to do them  
(And she did) extremely well.

Peace be theirs, most goodly Packet!

Genial skies and happy calms—

No derogatory racket—

No humiliating qualms;

Gales, I charge you, shun to rouse and  
Lash the seas to angry foam,  
While BRITANNIA's Great Ten Thousand  
Sweep, with huge enjoyment, home!

Let the health-restoring zephyr

Waft them onward o'er the blue,  
Till their spirits grow as effervescent as their hearts are true!

And, at last, they close their Indian  
Perils, going strong and free—  
Never having known too windy an  
Offing, too disturbed a sea!

So, when English snows are fallin',  
When the fogs are growing dense,  
They shall hear the East a-callin',

And shall come, and blow expense!  
Every year shall bring his Argo;  
Every year the grateful East  
Shall receive her Golden Cargo,  
And restore a Gilded Fleeced.

DUM-DUM.

#### De Senectute.

M. LEGOUVÉ, of the French Academy, has been telling Parisian reporters how to grow old. Many of them are following his instructions, and are confident of ultimate, if gradual, success.

NAME FOR A PUSH-BALL TEAM.—The Sisyphians.

### CRIME AND THE EYESIGHT.

"THERE is, observed the novelist gravely, "a bad time coming for writers of fiction. A very bad time."

I replied that what with publishers reckoning thirteen copies as twelve, and editors regretting their so-called lack of space (*sic*), things were, for my humble needs, bad enough already. After which I asked for details.

"I have been reading a book," said he, "by a Dr. GEORGE M. GOULD. It is called *Biographic Clinics*, and it deals with the subject of the eyes, and their influence on the mind, character, and general health. I could quote extensively from the volume, but I will not." (Here I thanked him.) "Suffice it that the author asserts that, if it were not for defective eyesight, there would be no crime in the world. All the crimes that were ever committed are to be traced directly to the absence of spectacles."

"And yet," I said musingly, "bread and spectacles were the ruin of Rome."

"If the Romans had thought less of their bread and more of their spectacles, they would have declined to fall as they did. Take NERO. Did he wear glasses? Not he. Not even a monocle. And look at his record of convictions. Same with them all. TIBERIUS, CALIGULA, every one of them. Utter scoundrels. And they might have been as good as GOULD if they had only taken ordinary care of themselves."

"True," I said, "there is something very pathetic in the idea. Roman history ought to be rewritten. It is not fair on the poor fellows. After all, it was not their fault. Why, NERO must turn in his grave like a teetotum at the things that are said of him every day at our universities and public schools. Somebody ought to put him right with the world. As gentle and well-meaning a man as ever breathed, hounded into a life of crime by the neglect of the imperial oculist. It is pure pathos, with the maker's name on the label."

"Precisely," said the Novelist. "By the way, in passing, why is MR. CHAMBERLAIN greater than WILLIAM Pitt?"

"Because he wears an eye-glass."

"Why is INSEN superior to SHAKESPEARE?"

"Because he wears spectacles."

"Exactly. Thank you very much. To return to the subject of crime, our whole method of dealing with our criminal classes is wrong. Why, when the coster's finished jumping on his mother—"

"On his mother?"

"What do we do? Why, we jump on him. His plea that he had mislaid

his pince-nez at the moment passes unregarded. I have known a poor fellow, manifestly suffering from astigmatism of the left eye, spoken to very sharply for assaulting a policeman. The policeman said that he had had a glass too much. Of course what he had really had was a pair of glasses too little. It was a most painful case."

"But one moment," I said at this juncture, "you seem to me to have strayed from the point. You have not yet explained your remark about the bad time which is to arrive for writers of fiction. Why is there a bad time coming?"

"Why, surely," he said, "it is perfectly obvious. In a few years everyone will be wearing spectacles, and how are you to write a novel of a hundred thousand words, full of strong human interest, when crime has been utterly eliminated? Will the public read a book that is wholly good? I can't imagine myself writing a book that is—"

"Wholly good?" Ah, but that's your modesty. Even with glasses we can never see ourselves as others see us."

### MY RIVAL.

I'M most dissatisfied with DICK—

I don't suppose he'll ever know it—  
His conduct cuts me to the quick,  
And yet I'd rather die than show it.

My maiden meditations are  
Disordered by one constant riddle:  
Why should I—to a motor car—  
Play second fiddle?

In vain I toss my curls to show  
The sweetest pair of turquoise ear-  
rings;  
His thoughts are wandering, I know,  
With silencers and friction gearings.  
If I could find some magic drug  
To change me to a carburettor,  
A cylinder or sparking plug,  
He'd like me better.

And when I sing of tears the rest  
Entreat for more and praise my  
brilliance,

But DICK returns with cheery zest  
To themes of rubber and resilience.  
When rosy dusk to moonlight melts,  
And all have vanished save the  
lovers,

Is it a time to talk of belts  
And outer covers?

My amber voile came home to-day,  
I'm really too upset to wear it.

My heart is sore, yet, strange to say,  
Day after day I grin and bear it.

He doesn't worry if I'm stiff,

Or if I snub or talk above him;  
I'd break it off to-morrow if—  
I didn't love him.

## LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

## II.—THE MODEL SUBALTERN.

SCENE—*A Committee Room in the neighbourhood of Westminster.*  
Round a baize-covered table are assembled a Bishop, a Lady of Title, a Little Man in spectacles, a Lady Novelist, and a Gaunt Person with long hair and thread gloves.

*The Bishop (concluding a speech).* Under these exceptional circumstances this advisory committee has been assembled that it may indicate, if possible, what training and education may be desirable to make the subalterns of the Guard Regiments persons who shall be ornaments to their profession and useful members of our British microcosm.

*The Little Man (springing to his feet).* "Efficiency" is the panacea, as I have pointed out as "An Aggrieved Father," "An Outraged Taxpayer," and "The Soldier's Real Friend," in various journals. And what makes efficiency? Why, work. These aristocratic hooligans do not work at Eton, and there they learn their flogging tricks. Send 'em to Board Schools. They do not work in the Army, and therefore they have time for these bloodthirsty courts-martial. Set them marching twenty miles a day and put them on outpost duty at night, and then the young officers will no longer become brutal barbarians.

*The Bishop (gently).* You believe in additional work as a panacea?

*The Little Man.* Give 'em a sound commercial education such as I 'ad, and then work the life out of 'em the same was done to me.

*The Lady Novelist (dreamily).* I fancy that this gentleman can scarcely appreciate the higher side of the life militant. What our Guardsmen really should be are what my heroes are. They must have curly golden hair and true-blue eyes, the shoulders of a Hercules, the lithe suppleness of a panther. They must be tender as women to the helpless, as hard as steel to ill-doers. Such a one indeed as my *Archibald Vere de Vere* in my latest book, *With Lance in Rest*, published by—

[*The Bishop gently interposes.*]

*The Lady Novelist.* Did I wander from my point? I would have no examinations, but each stripling, after a vigil by his arms, should swear upon the cross of his sword-hilt.

*The Little Man.* They don't have cross hilts, but open basket ones. I know one of the firm that makes most of 'em.

*The Lady Novelist.* They should swear upon their swords to be true and tender and to lead beautiful lives. I know that at a glance I could recognise the



*Uncle. "Ah, MILLY, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST YOUR MONEY OVER THAT ONE. HE'S GONE THE WRONG WAY!"*

*Milly (at her first race-meeting). "OH, NO, UNCLE, I'M ALL RIGHT. GEORGE TOLD ME TO BACK IT 'BOTH WAYS.'"*

soul in such as would be fitted for the life I limn, and if I were permitted—

*The Lady of Title.* Ah, indeed! You think that you would like to have the working of the appointments. In that case what is to become of our privileges? I have never known a promising boy I have asked anything for, an A.D.C.-ship, or a D.A.A.G.-ship, ever turn out anything but charming. The matter should be left in our hands, and then there would be no scandals, and a better amusement would be found for the elder sons of good families than to beat each other with canes.

*The Bishop (comfortingly).* Their little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes.

*The Little Man.* What, did any of 'em lose their eyesight? Why, I thought that—

*The Bishop.* A mere figure of speech.

*The Lady of Title (continuing).* No commission should be given in a crack Regiment to any lad who cannot play Bridge at least decently, who is not willing to come to afternoon teas when asked, and will not dance with elderly girls of good family when required.

He must of course be a fair shot, otherwise he would not be of much use in a country house. If he can ride, of course we shall be glad, but we should not insist on that. If he can sing or play on some instrument so much the better,

and certainly, if he aspires to the Staff, he must be able to organise picnics, theatricals and concerts. He must be competent to write out a menu, and be able to talk French to the cook. If he does all these things, and if his mother is on the visiting list of at least six of the really great houses, I think it may be said that the perfect officer is secured.

*The Bishop.* I should suggest in addition religious tendencies of an evangelical bent.

*The Titled Lady.* Certainly, certainly.

*The Little Man.* You don't think that the money of tax-payers is to go for a fellow of that kind?

*The Gaunt Man.* Now I am entirely opposed to the existence of subalterns, or, indeed, of the Army in any form. As a believer in will-power, I am confident that by the earnest volition of experts any hostile force could be kept from our shores, and that therefore an Army is a superfluity.

*The Little Man.* Here, I say!

*The Bishop.* It seems to me that on one point we are in accord—that the model subaltern is at present non-existent. I think we should be content with that as a starting-point for future discussion, and I am really afraid that we may be driven eventually in some degree to take into account the feelings of the Army in the matter.

*Omnes.* No, no. Certainly not.